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Editorial.

THE work of benefaction goes on for the new university, the latest gifts being \$150,000 from Silas B. Cobb, and another of the same amount from Martin A. Ryerson. These rank with the generous donations of Marshall Field, Sidney Kent and the Ogden estate. Mr. Cobb's and Mr. Ryerson's gifts will be applied to the building fund, of \$1,000,000 to be raised by the citizens of Chicago, and which has now reached the sum of \$800,000.

A READER of UNITY writes, gently reproaching us for undue harshness in speaking of the work of the Nationalists as a "nostrum," offered for the cure of all social evils, and charges us with advocating a principle of Nationalism in an editorial note in our issue of June 9th, on "Many sales and small profits." Very likely. We have always admitted the partial truth of Nationalism, and believe it has a distinct and worthy part to play in the evolution of a higher social ideal; but think its adoption as a whole would hinder the coming of that ideal. The Nationalists have already taught us much, but we do not thus have reached a final solution of the problems on which they are engaged.

THE Unity Club of All Souls Church, Chicago, gave, as a postscript, to its winter's work, the first course of lectures in the University Extension work, and although the study season was at an end, the capacity of the audience room was packed to the utmost, and Professor Thwing's course of six lectures on "Electricity and Magnetism" was listened to with growing interest. How little do we yet appreciate the readiness of the world to be helped, the appetites of the human mind for information, the aptitude of society for culture. Let the ministers of our churches believe more in the possibilities of their constituents and their abilities to meet these possibilities.

THE graduation days are busy ones to the editors as well as to the readers of UNITY. The Senior was present at the commencement exercises of the Hillside Home School, which turned out seven boys and girls, nobly toned and worthily girded with an ethical earnestness that was promising. It was also his pleasure to deliver the address to the graduating class of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. Twenty-one young men stepped forth who have studied geometry under the "red, white and blue," and have mingled their language studies with the military steps and the soldiers' impulse. It is a fine ideal to set before young men, and women too, soldiers of right, warriors for truth, those who are willing to do battle on the fields of progress. It will be a long, long time before there is too much martial spirit in the fields of ethics, and too great an emphasis placed upon the heroic in the realms of the spirit.

It was decided at the Geneva anniversary that all that was required to run a Unitarian church was "two women and a factotum." The factotum is supposed to be a man. His duty is a simple one in the description, but complex and trying in the execution. He is to keep things going. When the treasurer grows lax or discouraged, he drums up the negligent subscribers, those the treasurer is afraid to approach, for there are always such, though the treasurer is usually selected from the church's hardest material, he takes in hand. If the janitor is sick, or has been misbehaving, as, not having a chance always to listen to the sermon, sometimes happens, the factotum is on hand to build the fire. At the church socials he introduces the strangers, waits on table, arrives first to see that things are in order, and is the last to turn out the gas and take his leave. The factotum will wear a brighter crown than the minister in that day when the crowns are distributed, but how unhappy he will be if there is no business on hand but the wearing of crowns. He has small talent for ornamentation, the factotum. He is good for nothing but some real use, and is happiest when a dozen other people have neglected their duty that he may do it for them, and keep his hands full.

DR. HIRSCH finds an example of the true preacher's type in Ezekiel, whose word to the watchman of Israel was one that charged him to warn the wicked from his way. The modern conception of the minister

by no means demands so much, who is canvassed on the social and intellectual sides chiefly, without great regard to whether he is a man in earnest. It does not meet Dr. Hirsch's notion of a preacher, that he should be a mere academic teacher, prepared to discourse on "a thousand and one sciences" of which he understands little, and his congregation less. Still more repugnant is the idea that the pulpit is a means of entertainment that "the preacher must rival the actor." The best and most needed type is that presented in the bold but loving critic, the leader in mental paths, as paths of conduct, that few dare walk in, instructor in the highest truths he knows.

HORRIBLE as are the crimes connected with the recent lynching cases in the South, there is a certain measure of relief and providence in the occurrence of the same crime, followed by the same lawless act of punishment, in the state of New York. Though the case was of another black man, condemning his race anew in the popular mind, hindering its progress lamentably, still the subject is at least removed a degree from sectional prejudice. Bishop Fitzgerald is inclined to compound for, if not defend, the summary and illegal redress that so often follows crimes of this nature on the ground that their commission "outlaws a man," who deserves no different treatment from what he receives. This is a kind of reasoning that is based on passion of another sort, albeit excusable and born of righteous wrath; but as unsafe here as elsewhere, shielded only by the enormity of the circumstances giving rise to it. It looks as if the peculiar troubles we are to suffer through the negro must be as long in the outgrowing as the weary years of social bondage which made him what he is. And is not that just?

Fatness or Clearness, Which?

We are well aware that a majority of those who voted for the supplementary resolution at the last session of the Western Unitarian Conference did so in the firm conviction that it added nothing to and detracted nothing from the ethical basis of the Conference adopted at Cincinnati in 1886 and confirmed in Chicago in 1887. These friends, in the main, greatly deplore the further discussion of the resolution. They voted for it in the hope that it would quiet and not raise discussions. In their votes and in this desire they were, and are, loyal to their own convictions and loyal to the principle of open fellowship in religious work, as they see it. We are aware that the recent utterances in these editorial columns and the publication of the discourse in our Church Door Pulpit department of this week give to many of these friends sincere pain.

We are not unmindful of the anxious solicitations of those friends who deplore the delivery and still more the publication of the sermon. It pains us to wound our friends. It is fair to say that we publish these utterances against the advice and solicitations of true and respected friends; but we can not believe that it will be at the cost of any real strength to the Con-

ference, or true harmony between the various workers within its limits. However much it may be deplored, it is already apparent that the "something" added which made it possible for those who have withheld their co-operation from the Conference for the last few years to think again of renewing, is declared by the leaders of those who carried the resolution to being "nothing at all."

Thus, unwittingly, the clearness of the old Cincinnati position has been blurred by its friends, blurred, too, in the hope of adding to its strength and efficiency, and of bringing greater harmony to the Conference. It was expected that, without compromise of the position, an added fatness might be secured in the way of more funds, more workers and more strength. If instead it will cause again a thorough re-examination of the fundamental points at issue and lead more to see as clearly, and state as forcibly, the fundamental differences as it has led Mr. Judy in his parish sheet, "Religion, Old and New," we will not deplore this discussion. We can not believe that the friends of the Conference will have anything but thanks and comradeship for all those who sincerely with them seek clearness rather than fatness, plainness rather than ambiguity. These can only be secured by a thorough discussion of the fundamental question—Is an ethical basis compatible with a theological one? Can both positions be maintained at once? Is the thought of God that is in any way consistent with the word "theistic," historically co-extensive and co-terminal with the thought of right? Are the boundaries of ethics identical with the boundaries of theology? If not, then those who seek the largest basis must be content with the fundamental insistence of the larger one and the glad enjoyment of the other within these abundant limits. Instead of the disaster predicted from this discussion, the ruin, or something like it, which some of our solicitous friends predict for UNITY and its unguarded editors, we look for sweeter companionship, nobler co-operation.

At any rate, while UNITY remains under the present management, our readers will be not at all surprised to know that, with or without the confidence of Unitarian organizations and Unitarian men and women, with or without success to any Conference, church or minister, or our own subscription list, we must continue to battle for freedom, fellowship and character in religion as being more fundamental than any of the high words of Christian dogma or Christian history. We shall continue to advocate the possibility of organizing devout, consecrated, genial, happy churches on the desire in the human heart to advance truth, righteousness and love in the world. Though defeat and reproach be our lot to the end of life, we prefer to go down with this flag flying rather than to sail triumphantly over the waves with the flag furled. We prefer defeat to ambiguity on this, to us, the most important question of modern thought. We will accept isolation and a still more accentuated minority rather than an apparent majority based on any lesser principle.

This ambiguity is not of our mak-

ing or of anybody's making. It lies in the situation. The power and potency of ethics is as yet but little felt by any of us. The incoherence of any of our discussions is not to be marveled at when we remember that ethics, even in the two most liberal theological schools of America, the most progressive seminaries of theology in the land, claimed by Unitarians as their own, is but little more than an incidental study, left to the exigencies of the last funds, and is the last thing to be attended to. High scholarship on Old Testament history, profound learning concerning New Testament texts, much attention to Christian history, and then, if any time, strength or money is left, the foundations of society, the obligations of man to man, the duties and problems of to-day are attended to. When all this is reversed, there will be less obscurity and far less anxiety displayed in our discussions over these matters. It is in this conviction and this hope that we ask for the careful reading of the discourse in the Church-Door Pulpit department, and the other utterances in this paper bearing upon the same subject. We have no desire to close the discussion, and all carefully expressed opinions on this question will be published so far as our space admits.

We have no fears for the ultimate future of Western Conference. It will yet emerge into the clearness, which some day may bring fatness.

We have deemed it wise to express at the outset of the Conference year these anxieties and perplexities, so that there can be no misunderstanding in the future as to the problems which we have yet on hand, and the attitude some of us are to take towards them. We trust that the generous friends who desired to take hold of our hands at the last meeting of the Conference will, all the more, cordially accept them now after this frank expression of difference. They are doubtless more prepared to work with a conference that frankly admits a difference from their thought, than with a Conference that assumes an agreement which it does not hold. At any rate, love and sincerity are pledges of the fellowship and conditions of co-operation which will hold the Western Conference intact, and will make comrades of those who differ. This will bring to it in the future such success as it may deserve, the success that follows high lines. Like all highest success, it will be slow and sure, but it will be potent, lasting and far-reaching.

Fifty Years Old.

There should have appeared in our column of "Notes from the Field" last week an account of the semi-centennial anniversary of the little church at Geneva, held June 10 to 12; but the report, prepared with some pains, and under the immediate inspiration of the occasion was lost on its way to the printer, either through some mistake in the address or carelessness on Uncle Sam's part. We are obliged therefore to write out a second report from memory.

For once in this season of floods and dark skies, the weather was propitious, the sun shone bright and warm, too warm, except that we were glad to have it shine on any terms. The anniversary began with an evening service at the church, Mr. Fenn preaching a sermon on "The Religious Changes of fifty Years," with Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Blake to assist in the other exercises. Mr. Fenn gave a brief comprehensive review of the changes that have taken place in the world's religious belief and practice for the past century, illustrating his subject with quotations from the hymn writers, ancient and modern. Unity

is the watchward of the present age, making itself heard not only in religion but in every department of intellectual life.

The next morning brought a large delegation from Chicago and other points near at hand, and at 10:30 a. m., we assembled again in the church to listen to a history of the church by Mr. Eddowes, one of its pastors and its most faithful friend still. Miss LeBaron followed with an account of the work of the first minister of the society, Rev. A. H. Conant, the hero of Robert Collyer's book, "A Man in Earnest." After singing the hymn written by Mr. Conant for the dedication of the church so many years ago, the people repaired to the spacious and handsome grounds of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harvey, where a collation was served from tables scattered throughout the different rooms and overflowing into the piazza and grounds. The extreme warmth sent us out into the open air for the after-dinner speeches, which were delivered from the rear piazza, the listeners sitting under the trees, and showing remarkable patience through the rather long program. Mr. Penny, the newly-installed minister took charge of this part of the exercises, calling first upon Mr. Jones, who spoke briefly but eloquently of "A Faithful Prophet," R. L. Herbert, one of the society's most gifted and best-loved leaders. Mrs. Harvey came next with a tribute to another of the little flock's shepherds, Mr. Woodward, whom she characterized as "A Man Without Guile." Mr. Forbush was present and spoke of "Other Pioneers," telling us that the Geneva church was the eighth that was built west of the Alleghenies, where there are now between 130 and 140. Mr. Milsted spoke of the uses of such a church as this, both to its members and to the community and world at large. Mrs. Jarvis, with her white hairs and venerable looks, lent new grace and dignity to the occasion with her word of reminiscence of the "Early Women" whose faith and devotion helped to establish this small but living centre of liberal thought. Mr. Duncan extended a greeting for the State Association of which Geneva has always been a loyal member. Mrs. Harvey interrupted the program in a delightful and forgivable way, by begging a moment in which to speak the praises of "A Living Saint," and Mr. Eddowes who was thus happily stigmatized responded in a suitable manner. Mr. Byrnes, another pastor of the society talked on "Freedom of thought and Speech" and the present writer spoke a few words on "The Relation of Women to Religious Freedom"; trying to show how women had hitherto naturally and inevitably followed the guidance of their ministers and others in authority on those religious matters in which they have always been supremely interested, but how the progress of the times and her own growing powers now demand that she should strive for that wider understanding of these subjects that will lead to mental independence, the power to do her own thinking, and the courage to act thereon; when she will be far more service both to the church and its leaders than she has ever been before. A short original poem was recited by Mrs. Shepard:

Oh, little church upon the plain!
What is your story, loss or gain?

Mr. Blake spoke last in a humorous vein, that had a refreshing effect upon the rather weary audience.

Geneva may well congratulate itself upon the success of its anniversary, in point of the numbers attending, the unvarying interest of the program, and the deepening regard all must feel for a movement kept up with such labor and self-sacrifice. Mr. Jones called attention to the church's efforts

to raise money for a parsonage, and urged contributions from friends outside. The future work of this little church should be the easier and more fruitful of results to all concerned, for the new hope, courage and enthusiasm engendered in this anniversary.

C. P. W.

Meadville Commencement.

The closing exercises of the Meadville Theological School took place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 15 and 16. On Wednesday morning the chapel service took the usual form of "experience meeting," heart-to-heart talks of reminiscence and hope among the students as they hold their last chapel meeting of the school year. These meetings are always of special interest both to students and outside friends. In the late afternoon was held the annual meeting of "The Ministers' Peace Society," at which Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland gave the address. His subject was "The Tendencies to Peace in our Modern Civilization." A discussion followed. In the evening there was the usual service in the Unitarian church. Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York, gave the sermon to the graduating class, taking for his subject, "The True Marks of Apostleship." The congregation went from the church to the pleasant parlors adjoining, where the rest of the evening was spent in a social way. There was a meeting of the Board of Trustees on Thursday morning at which, besides the resident members, there were present Revs. John Snyder, William Chaffin, D. W. Morehouse and F. L. Hosmer. Several matters of interest came before the Board. Among them was an informal overture from some ministers of the German Evangelical Protestant church of America in regard to making such provision as would enable students for the ministry in this church to prepare themselves at the Meadville school. Some graduates of the school are already in the ministry of this free German fellowship and hold prominent positions therein. The matter was favorably discussed and referred to a committee for further consideration and a more definite proposition as basis of report and action. There are strong churches of this German fellowship in several of our large western cities. At this Board meeting the familiar presence of two members so long and so actively connected with the Board, was missed by all present, Mr. Alfred Huidekoper and Prof. Frederic Huidekoper. Indeed in all the meetings connected with the Commencement week their presence was missed.

The graduating exercises were held in the church. They were opened with prayer and Bible reading by Mr. Snyder, of St. Louis. President Carey presided, and at the close conferred the diplomas upon the graduates. The address to the class by Mr. Chaffin, of North Easton, Mass., was specially tender, helpful and appropriate. He referred to his own standing where they stood, now thirty-one years ago, and spoke of the inspirations that the work would bring. He referred in affectionate terms to his classmate, the late Rev. E. C. L. Brown, whose hymn was upon the morning program, a hymn really written in connection with that graduation of thirty-one years ago, but now printed and used for the first time. There were only three members in the present graduating class; but their essays, both in matter and manner, gave the impression of good quality to make up for the limitation in quantity. The subjects were: "Conservative Progress in Theology," by Walter E. Lane, of Saco, Maine; "The Relation of Material Prosperity to the Permanent Welfare of a Nation," by Amandus H. Norman, of

Hamar, Norway; "The Historical Spirit in the Study of Religions," by Mary Alice Tucker, of Elk Falls, Kansas. All three gave evidence of earnest aim and studious preparation, and the promise of efficient service in the field to which they will find welcome.

There is likely to be a large entering class the next year, and the school will probably exceed in numbers all past record; and this with a steady tendency to increase the preparatory requirements for admission to the school. The work of the instructors is spoken of with appreciation. President Carey, in his position as president, combines with his long and intimate knowledge of the school and his great kindness of heart a clear sense of the needs of the institution and what is demanded of it by the fellowship of churches it is specially intended to serve. Altogether the immediate future of our Meadville school brightens, and it is to be hoped that the recently formed association of its alumni may have an influence in raising the institution to a still higher standard, and in strengthening its efficiency for the spread of a free, reverent and rational faith.

F. L. H.

Men and Things.

No fewer than \$20,000 worth of tickets have been sold in England for the Wagner festival at Bayreuth. This is \$5,000 worth more than was sold last year.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, in a work on the Australian system of voting says that thirty-two states have followed the lead of Massachusetts in adopting the new method which does so much to prevent the bribing of voters, falsifying of returns and other acts of political rascality.

THE story is told of a man in Racine who ordered a copy of Canon Farrar's book, "Seekers after God," just then out. In a short time the other volumes ordered came; but being out of the Canon's book the publishers wrote at the bottom of the invoice: "No Seekers after God in Chicago."

ONE of the recent cyclones played a prank that is likely to get his fellow destructionists and mischief-makers into trouble. The *Evening Post* calls on the officers of the Humane Society to keep a sharp lookout on their behavior, inasmuch as one of them has been found guilty of stripping a small boy of nearly all his clothing, and leaving him in that unprotected condition on the homeless prairies.

A FIRM of German paper and cellulose manufacturers have just introduced into the market, under the names of the uni-colored and two-colored watertight cellulose papers, a material that can be applied to the most varied purposes. The paper can be used for book backs, table cloths, and as a temporary cover for roofs, as well as for packing goods. It can be laid on damp walls and as a coating for maps, and is far cheaper than parchment. It does not become sticky through heat, nor does it crack from the cold, as is the case with oilcloth.

ONE of our exchanges tells of a new evil connected with the cigarette mania, in two victims one a boy of nineteen, who was seized with convulsions having many of the symptoms of hydrophobia, except that he did not manifest any dread of water; the other a young man who fell heavily to the ground while at work and was picked up unconscious, with features horribly distorted and flesh turned purplish black. When he revived he went into convulsions and died. He had been warned that his continued smoking of four packages of cigarettes a day would kill him.

A BRAHMAN of Benares has recorded his ideas of England. In general he thinks that all nations hate England though India recognizes those qualities of body and mind which make the English her best ruler. He thinks that Ireland is rapidly becoming pacified, under the influence of education, which is lessening the power of the priests, and of rail and steam which are bringing Englishmen and Irishmen closer together. To disturb this growing harmony by Home Rule would be folly, and should Mr. Gladstone come into power he anticipates civil war and a possible separation between the two countries, which in the event of a continental attack upon England might seriously affect the Indian Empire. His final verdict is: "John Bull lives in a safe and happy country and climate; he eats and drinks; he has one chief God—Mammon."

Contributed and Selected.

A Ray of Light.

Straight and bright it pierceth through,
Flash of the infinite point-of-view;
Miss we its beam for e'en an hour,
Something is lost of life's rare flower.
This line of light with burning flame,
Leadeth from earth to heaven's fane;
And he who reaches high may clasp
The hand of God, the first, the last.

MARY E. COLE.

St. Louis, Mo.

Last Days in Texas.

AUSTIN.

"Do you like Austin as well as San Antonio?" was the frequent question which greeted us during a few days sojourn in the capital city of Texas. But remembering the quaint charm of San Antonio, with its wealth of historic associations, and beholding the many and varied attractions of Austin we could only answer:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

One can not fail to be impressed with the beauty of the situation which the founders of Austin chose on the picturesque bluffs of the Colorado river. Despite the drouth which still prevailed, the second week in May, the hills were clothed in green and the vine-covered galleries and rose-scented lawns of the many handsome private residences gave the city a most inviting aspect. It is the seat of the State University and other state and educational institutions. Among them is the Tillotson Collegiate and Normal Institute for the education and industrial training of the negro. The State Capitol, said to be the largest State House in the United States, is famous for its magnificence and for the price paid for it to a Chicago syndicate, namely, three million acres of Texas land. It is indeed a stately pile, built of the native granite, and reminding one, in its design, of the capitol at Washington. A lofty dome crowns the centre and wide corridors lead to spacious wings on either side, where House and Senate are elegantly quartered. The chair of the Speaker of the House is flanked by life-sized portraits of Governors Houston and Austin, and the dignified senators sit facing full-length portraits of Jefferson Davis and "Three-legged Willie,"—the pioneer nickname of Robert W. Williamson, whose ability as lawyer, orator and jurist and whose devotion to the interests of his adopted state in the times which tried men's souls, gave honor and renown even to the wooden leg, which was his daily cross and burden. The legislature not being in session, quiet prevailed throughout the building, save at the headquarters of the Texas World's Fair Exhibit Association, where we found the President, Mrs. W. H. Tobin, a gracious and accomplished lady, who is working with earnestness to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of Texas women for the coming Columbian Exposition.

The enterprise and public spirit of the citizens of Austin is shown in the mammoth task they have undertaken in the construction of "the largest dam in the world," which extends across the Colorado river, is to afford unlimited water-power and make Austin the manufacturing centre of the state. The length of the resisting wall is twelve hundred feet, its width at the bottom, upwards of sixty feet, and the height sixty feet. The arrested river will form an inland lake over twenty miles in length, and the bluff wooded lands on either shore, suggest great park possibilities for the city. On the day of our visit to the dam, the river, swollen with recent rains farther north, and, from the wash of its clayey banks having the

color and consistency of chocolate, dashed, swirling, eddying, foaming over the unfinished walls. As we stood on a projecting point below the dam, watching the wild toss and plunge of the angry current, which had driven the men from the centre of the works, a traveling crane swinging from its stout iron cable high in air, came gliding out from the overhanging bluffs and silently, irresistibly, like one of nature's forces, picked up one of the massive rectangular blocks of stone, and lifting it like a feather weight, bore it to its place in the solid wall of masonry. Two years have already been spent in the work of construction under the direction of Colonel J. P. Frizell of Boston, and another year will yet be necessary for its completion. We turned away from this Titanic enterprise thinking what a tremendous factor is the educated brain and trained hand of man in changing and modifying the face of the world and the conditions of life.

The Unitarian society, under the care of Rev. E. M. Wheelock, partly sustained by a small appropriation from the American Unitarian Association, has been in existence but six months and already shows signs of a quite vigorous life. Its meeting place is an attractive hall, well lighted and ventilated and ample for the present needs of the society. On Sunday May 15th, in response to an announcement in the daily papers that the secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference would preach, an intelligent audience of some seventy people gathered, and at the conclusion of the service, many lingered to greet the minister and express their cordial interest in the sermon. Mr. Wheelock has wisely recruited his congregation on lines of thought and work that "look out and not in," that keep well abreast of the time in which we live and give hospitable welcome to light and truth from whatever quarter. His ministry is a source of much spiritual strength and joy to his people, and holds out to the liberal-minded emigrant to Texas one more excellent reason for seeking a home in Austin.

CAMERON.

Our first halting place in the state, becomes also our last, and this time the promise of our kind friend and host of a drive to his ranch, fifteen miles away, is made good. On Friday, May 20th, we sat behind a pair of Texas ponies for ten hours, and when did any ten hours of a day unroll before us such a panorama of hill and dale, of winding wood roads, of waving corn-fields and flower spangled pastures! The tender cotton plant was but a few inches above the ground, the corn stood shoulder high, the yellow oats were ripe for the sickle and the rich dark masses of abundant foliage contrasted the gay procession of wild flowers which looked at us from roadside and field and woods in endless profusion.

"We'll go around by the Williamson place and find M. R.," said our captain, and in the hunt for the W. place and M. R. we about doubled the distance to the ranch. For you must know that the road had been changed and through no fault of ours we missed it more than once. We opened many gates on third class roads, explored numerous lanes, ploughed through unfathomable mud-holes, out of which we only came with clean skins by grace of our sturdy team, and always M. R. was "just over yonder." With indomitable pluck and perseverance, our leader dropped one trail and took up another, until the mythical M. R., as the doubting member of our party had dubbed him, was found. He materialized in the far river bottom, between his rows of luxuriant corn

which filled the valley—a rolling sea of green.

Led by M. R., we found a new and better road out of the far bottom and were soon trotting over the flowery slopes of our friend's three thousand acre ranch. We followed the lithe and sun-browned ranchman, mounted on his nimble-footed pony, his lariat swinging from the pommel of his saddle, who led us regardless of roads to inspect the hundreds of sleek cattle and horses, browsing knee-deep in flowers and grass. The ample shade, the mimic-lakes, constructed to catch and hold the rainfall on the surrounding slopes, the luxuriant grass, and the glorious sky overhead made up a bovine paradise, such as our eyes had never looked upon. This is the last of our sight seeing in Texas, and we turn homeward rejoicing in the vision we have had of this vast new empire, in the treasures of health and strength which we have gained and in the stock of pleasant memories which the last three months have garnered.

J. R. H.

Cameron, May 25.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—Some time ago I saw in your columns allusions to Mrs. Jenness-Miller, which to me seem a little unjust. Now I think UNITY the fairest of papers, and it will, I know pardon me for wishing to show the other side, or at least another opinion.

No one can deny that Mrs. Miller is doing a great amount of good to a certain class, whether it be from selfish motives or otherwise. She may be working for popularity or money, or both, but I believe she also has a desire to assist her fellow-woman in throwing off the bondage of wrong ideas in dress. It has been said that her manner of dress is too expensive for poor people, and consequently can benefit none but the rich. Even if this be true, is it not a great and good work to assist rich women in discarding the dress that has warped and weakened their bodies for generations? Is it not noble to help even the very rich (and they need help) to health that their children may be stronger than their parents? What helps the body must help the mind. The Greeks were right when they said, "Anything that binds the body, puts fetters on the soul." Not long ago I read an article in UNITY which pleased me much. It was to the effect that even though the Unitarian doctrine did not take in the multitude, still it is the only religion that helps the higher classes, who, perhaps, need this spiritual aid as much as any one class. So, give Mrs. Miller the credit she so richly deserves, according to UNITY's theory, the credit of helping the rich, physically, as Unitarianism helps the higher classes spiritually.

I would go farther, and say that because a certain class of people wear union undergarments of silk it is no reason why others may not make them of cotton. If a divided skirt is more comfortable than an undivided one, why may not I make mine of six-cent muslin if I can afford nothing better. If a dress made on one of Mrs. Miller's dress forms is more easy, graceful and sensible than one made in the old-fashioned way to drag on the hips and displace important organs, what is the difference what the material may be of which it is made? Because a woman must wear inexpensive apparel is no reason why it should not be made in a healthful and artistic manner. Corsets are an expense, and Mrs. Miller discards them. They are certainly no more necessary to a cheap than an elegant dress.

One bright, sensible and tastful

young woman has come under my notice, whose complete wardrobe is cut from Mrs. Miller's models and has been for three years. Her clothing, including everything from hat to boots, costs less than seventy-five dollars a year. That nearly all working women cling to the old style of dress with the tenacity of a man to his tobacco, or a church to an outgrown and threadbare creed, is a lamentable fact. I may be wrong, but I fear the working women will never adopt a more comfortable manner of dress until it is made a fashion by the rich women. My investigation proves to me that it is the reading, thinking women who are adopting dress reform most extensively. If the rich would take it up, the shop, factory, and sewing girls would follow; but they will never follow the blue-stockings.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Inclusive Religion.

PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JUNE 5, 1892, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Lie not one to another; seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, which is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there can not be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all."—*Colossians iii: 9, 10, 11.*

Among the very earliest recollections packed away in the memories of my childhood, spent in a log-house in a frontier neighborhood in the backwoods of Wisconsin, is that of one ominous black week, of which my childish mind could understand but little. But, very little boy as I was, I realized that it was a time of profound spiritual tension to my parents. It was a week of tears to the frail, sensitive little mother; of high earnestness, long debate, and, to my childish mind, of triumphant eloquence, on the part of my stalwart father. Morning, noon and night the house was filled with black-coated gentlemen, for whose comfort my mother cooked and toiled while they spent their days in the rude little chapel just over the hill and came back to their meals, and, inasmuch as ours was the largest log-house in the neighborhood, several of them were stowed away for the nights in accordance with that hospitality which is too often diminished as the houses grow larger and the materials for hospitality grow more abundant.

Subsequent experience and knowledge have told me that this grim, anxious memory of my childhood was a heresy trial, in which my father and mother were arraigned as culprits, and that the solemn conclave of ministers for whom my mother cooked the chickens had been summoned there from distant settlements to decide as to whether this father and mother should be allowed to retain their membership in the little church into whose fellowship they had been urgently invited, and which, in the loneliness and needs of the situation, they had accepted with the express understanding that they declined to subscribe to any creedal conditions of the church and that they distinctively retained the precious faith which was the dearest thing they had carried with them over the seas, the heretical faith of the "Socinians," as their critics called it, the faith of Unitarianism, as they themselves preferred to call it. On these terms the unsophisticated neighbors had been glad to avail themselves of the help and co-operation of my parents; and back of my earliest memories, there lay a few years of sweet communion, of true religious fellowship which my father and mother enjoyed in the primitive little chapel, the worshipers in which were rendered few and weak by the necessities of a foreign tongue, as well as by the exigencies of a new settlement in a new world. But with growing resources and increasing contact with the outer world, there grew in that, as in all other organizations of an ecclesiastical character, the inevitable apprehensions about doctrine. Visiting ministers found a canker of heresy at the core of this unsuspecting little back-woods church. This Unitarian, whose voice was lifted perhaps more often in devotions than that of any other member of the little band, whose mind was active in Sunday-school and Bible class, was suspected of "leading the young astray," and so, after the manner of Congregationalism, this council had been summoned and the matter looked into. My mother, with a nature keenly susceptible to spiritual suffering, was for withdrawing at once and thus saving the pain

and the shame of a public investigation; but my father, made of yeoman stuff, discovered a *principle* at stake, an opportunity of compelling thought. The church society which, at its own solicitation, he had joined with open confession of difference, must now, in the interests of truth, he said, expel him on account of his convictions. They asked him in, they must now vote him out, he reasoned. Hence the trial had to be faced, and this one layman stood up in open court and successfully combated the clerical inquisitors. But when they found his position invulnerable, the line of attack was changed, and instead of arraigning the independent members, charges were preferred against the simple minister who first consented to the dangerous compact, and then my father relented and vacated his vantage ground. For the sake of the unsuspecting country parson, he did what he would not do for his own sake. He withdrew from the dreary business, leaving the society to fatten on its orthodoxy and himself and his family to hold evermore with added intensity the faith which holds that creed is more than dogma, life more than creed, and character more commanding than all formulas; that the holiest of words become impious and profane when used to mark a boundary of religious fellowship, sympathy and co-operation, or to shut out a single loving heart, a solitary aspiring nature, or any high thought or good impulse in all the realms of being.

I can never forget how I cowered between my father's knees and listened with awe, and sometimes with downright terror, at the impassioned discussion between the host and his guests. My father, though like a stag at bay defying his persecutors, was somehow able to do it in a way that did not make his hospitality less cordial or their appetite at our table less hearty. The one phrase that remains in my memory most indelibly, the text which seemed to be both inspiration and ammunition for my father, was that which I have chosen as a text for this sermon on an Inclusive Religion. The text declares for the new thought, and the ideal religion found in the Christ spirit, where there can be no "Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free"; but where all are lifted into that new manhood which gives the lie to those doctrines and forms which divide men. I can not measure the tremendous influence on my subsequent life, which that black week has exerted. It was a week of tears to the self-exiled mother, a week as it still seems to the fond son, of high thinking, superlative eloquence and undimmed moral heroism on the part of the father. Certainly, no one thing that happened in the first twelve years of my life, spent in that log house home, impressed me so deeply as that heresy trial, and no one text comes to me with more melodious and heroic accent than this, which I have heard so often wafted aloft in the morning prayer in that home where indeed the fireside was an altar and the "house-band" was a conscious priest of religion ministering thereat. It is a text which, in my inner ear, I always hear in the rolling richness of my mother tongue; and the thought of a religion where there can be no "Greek nor Jew, Scythian, bondman, or freeman," but all delight in a common manhood, was that which won me to the ministry. And as I look back over my twenty-two years of professional life, I grow daily more conscious that this thought has been my sustaining inspiration and solitary message. Take that away from me and you take my ministry away from me. Shape the most shadowy rim, made of the most seductive of phrases, beaten out of my own choicest thought, and you will leave me out-

side that rim. Outside, I am glad to stay, companioned there, not only by the spirits of those who gave me being, but, as I believe, by the seers and the prophets of all climes, times and names, the clearness of whose vision has always been determined by the sweep of their horizon, the penetration of whose prophetic power has always been proved by the divine *inclusiveness* of their statements.

It is not necessary that I should stop to verify this assertion. You are too familiar with the thought that the Jesus spirit, which reached from the sobbing sinner at his feet to the infinite God, and linked both with a sense of companionship, that encircled with its love Gentile and Jew, publicans and sinners, Samaritans, infidels and believers, skeptic and orthodox, is the spirit of all science, of all literature, of all philanthropy and true philosophy. We hold that the trend of thought, art and commerce is toward unity. We have tried to prove that the words which divide, the latest and most aggressive words Christian, Jew, agnostic, materialist, infidel, atheist, spiritualist, Unitarian, orthodox, Catholic, become meaningless in the presence of a passion to bear one another's burdens, to share the light, and to advance truth, righteousness and love in the world. Let this lead where it may and include whom it will, we have learned to trust it and to try to follow it. No one will deny that there is a tiding passion at the core of this nineteenth century toward unity. *Union* is the word of the century, *co-operation*, the watchword of our day.

I think there is no one here to deny that the one persistent and hopelessly dividing and separating influence in the world to-day is theology, dogmatic theology. The creeds keep the world to-day, as they have always done, in a ferment of antagonisms. Talk about the divisions of wealth or of party politics! These are weak and harmless compared with the divisions of the churches. See these mighty steepled houses, note their cost in the coin of heart and the coin of purse; feel the ferment in Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian and Catholic conclaves, and see how each distracts and divides the forces of life on dogmatic and doctrinal lines! Listen to the Sunday morning bells and note the jargon they ring. All along from the Vatican to 25 Beacon Street, Boston, the headquarters of the American Unitarian Association, there is a concern for heresy, an anxiety about the "Christian" name, an uncertainty about the thought of God or the honor of Jesus. This is not because these people are fools, not because religion is superficial or vague, but because *theology* in its very essence can never become the unifying principle of life. It is because they all have more or less staked money, organization, missionary schemes, usefulness and peace of mind, upon certain words, or forms of thought, which, if endangered, will threaten the future of these interests. Doctrines concerning the relations of things or of life to the Infinite, problems of eternity, questions of origin and destiny, will grow more and more varied in their statements. Upon these, men never can unite in a lasting peace. Mr. Judy well says in a recent article on this matter, "It is apparent to every student of religion that, if there is ever to be a union of all the churches of the world, some grounds of union besides theological statements must be found. Men show no signs whatever of agreeing upon a formula to express their ultimate interpretation of the facts of the universe, which is what we really mean by a theological statement."

I, no more than Mr. Judy or any other thinking man, have any re-

proach to throw upon such studies. While finite mind finds itself in an infinite world, it must brood upon these problems and profit by such brooding. We only object to any attempt to enforce the conclusion of one mind upon another, to pledge the future to any of these formulas. To attempt to "promulgate a religion in harmony with any statement of beliefs" is simply to bargain again for another impossible thing. You may promulgate the statement, but your religion is sure to drop out of the way sooner or later. Though that statement be made in the words of your own choice, the moment you put a legislative emphasis upon it, that moment you stultify your own heart, and what before was the very bread of life offered by you to your brother becomes a stone. The confusion increases, the situation becomes more entangling if in the same breath you pledge to promulgate a religion as inclusive as ethics, as broad as Truth, Righteousness and Love, and in harmony with a series of "belief statements." These two papers are not and can not be made co-extensive. Sooner or later one must destroy the other.

What then have we to unite on? Is religion less adequate to unify the community than science, or literature, or charity? No, there is a conception of religion that is identical with all these forces carried to their highest potency, and that is the religion of the prophet and the bard of all climes and places, the religion based, not upon theology, but upon ethics, the religion of the moral law, the religion of sacred purposes and not of a sacred doctrine, the religion of a life and not the religion of a word. This religion is not based upon a belief in Jesus, a belief in God or a belief in the immortal life; but in a thirst for excellence, in a passion for helpfulness, in a humble quest for truth, and in a painful, perhaps stumbling attempt at rectitude, the age-long struggle for righteousness. Out of all these an appreciation of Jesus, the thought of God and the hope of immortality will surely grow in one form or another; but it is a sad day for religion when it tries to rest its cathedral on the spire, or to make these beautiful blossoms that are fragrant on the boughs identical with, or a substitute for, the fibrous roots of human needs, human love, and human woes which feed the great tree of that faith that makes for faithfulness.

It is not, I hope, necessary here to dwell on this distinction between the theological and the ethical basis of religion. If still the line is vague or meaningless to you who have waited upon these ministrations year after year, then indeed has my preaching been vain, and this church is a shadowy unreality. Is there no difference between the religion of the open hand, the kind word, and the uplifted eye, and the religion which starts with an "I believe" and ends with a "You must believe if I work with you"? Is there no difference between the resolutions of a synod, the proceedings of a council, and the hospitality of the minister and the cheer of the neighbor? Is there no difference between Presbyterianism, and the good Presbyterian, between Methodism, and the kindly Methodist, no difference between Jesus, and the Pope, between the spirit of Paul who knew neither "Greek nor Jew, bond or free, barbarian or Scythian," and the spirit which says, "unless you promise to promulgate a religion that has in it somewhat of God, Jesus and immortality, I have no hand for you, no fellowship with you, unless you promise to say these high, and (because high) difficult, things, we can have no working basis together. Still further from the spirit of Paul is that which says, "Yes, we will say all these things, and know both

Greek and barbarian, if you will only come and help us." Thus turning from the divine openness of the spirit to the undevout ambiguity of the letter for the sake of companionship.

Friends, you know what an inspiration this ethical basis has been to us. Our church was cradled in the thought of it. It has been strengthened in the search for it, inspired and chastened in this sacrifice and struggle necessary to maintain it.

In this city, five years ago, there was formulated with great intensity of spirit and sincerity of heart the most carefully worded and intelligently accepted declaration of the ethical basis of religion known in history. During these five years, there was one organization of churches at least on this round footstool, that was religious, devout, burdened with the sense of a mission, with a rallying cry which found response in hearts waiting to give and enjoy companionship without knowing "Greek, Barbarian, Jew, Scythian, bond or free." This conference of churches meant what it said, and said what it meant, when it declared that it welcomed "all who wish to join to help establish truth, righteousness and love in the world," and in the same breath declared that no doctrinal test should condition its fellowship. Under this great open canopy, this same Conference ventured with phenomenal caution a statement of "some things commonly believed," a "statement" for that date and day only; but even then, thirteen out of the seventy-two voted "Nay," for fear, as the little tract says, "of infringing on the liberty of the congregation." Some of us acquainted with the crystallizing tendency of organization, knowing full well the stiffening habits of formulas, and somewhat conversant with the subtle growth of creeds, saw with the thirteen the danger, but with a generous faith in the future we dared face this danger. The other day, after the space of five short years, the apprehensions of the cautious thirteen were justified, the law of creeds was verified. What was at first thrown out tentative, fluid, as literature, simply as a "statement," as the preamble said, "of the past history of Unitarianism and our present faiths," was taken hold of firmly as a declaration of future purpose as well. This statement of belief, which in 1887 looked only backward and was canopied by ethical openness, declaring against all doctrinal tests, was, in 1892, taken out from under the canopy and placed alongside of it as a co-ordinate statement. It, as well as the preamble, was made by the Conference's forward looking as well as backward looking. The Conference declared it to be its general aim and purpose hereafter "to propagate a religion in harmony with the preamble and statement."

So unexpected a limitation of the inclusiveness of the Western Conference places the burden upon me of stating to you my objections to this action and my regrets concerning it.

1. I object to the way in which the important question was precipitated upon the Conference, without warning and with a threat that a non-acceptance would be promptly followed by important secessions. Societies were interested which were not represented as they would have been if reasonable and legitimate announcement had been made; and some of the delegates appointed were not in their seats. The vote necessarily was ragged, confused, and, in a measure, non-representative. Courtesy should guard such an organization as the Western Conference from the surprises which more secular and less trustful organizations provide against by a technical by-law.

2. I regret the important change because it seems to me a spiritual breach of trust with the subscribers to

the twenty-five thousand dollar endowment fund, ten thousand of which bears the heroic name of Theodore Parker, all of which was subscribed and inspired by the thrill which went with the ethical purpose of the Conference and the non-doctrinal basis of a religious organization. Seven thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars of this fund was raised in this church and in response to a plea the motive of which you must well remember. All the way from Andover to the American Unitarian Association we hear the pitiable cry about funds committed to conservatism. Doctrinal statements and dogmas are sustained in loyalty to the wishes of the dead. Here is one little fund that ought to be held sacred to progressive thought, to open fellowship. Here is a fund dedicated by the self-sacrifice of many of meager income to a religion based on ethics rather than on doctrine. The precipitancy of the vote did not permit any one to think of this obligation. So much the greater shame to us all! I confess my own delinquency and am powerless to answer such a correspondent as this. I quote from a private letter:

"What is the obligation of the Conference to the contributors of the Endowment Fund? Every dollar of it was contributed to the work of the Conference on its Cincinnati basis. I, for one, am not willing my contribution should go to the support of a work whose basis of fellowship is less broad. I would rather turn it into my church or some other channel unless we can bring the Conference out again at its next meeting. I hope for that. Anyway, we must work for that."

3. Again I regret the vote because it was obviously one more sin against the law of verbal clearness, of which religious bodies have such a long list. It seems to be the genius of religious councils to discover and promulgate ambiguous phraseology, to choose terms that obscure rather than reveal thought. The availability of this statement lay in the fact that to some it meant nothing and to others it meant much. Both these classes voted for it, hence it was carried. It was a mild illustration of that habit of juggling with words of which so-called religious bodies offer so many flagrant illustrations. If it meant nothing, it was beneath the dignity of the petitioners to ask, and of the Conference to grant it. If it meant something, it was right for the petitioners to ask for it, and the duty of those who believe the moral law is an adequate foundation of religious organization to hesitate long before they put so high and undopular a principle in jeopardy. Every attempt to amend so as to give unmistakable clearness to the resolution was rejected as apparently distasteful to those who voted for it, though for very differing motives.

4. But chiefly I object to it because to me it does mean much. It has put a creedal accent upon that "statement" which in 1887 was guarded so carefully and was meant only as a contribution to the literature of the cause we love. Only a creedal accent if you please, pledged indeed by word and preamble to a generous interpretation of the same. But all creeds are generously interpreted nowadays, even recklessly. In a rhetorical way we have often found ourselves saying, "I sign no creed for the future, not even one of my own phrasing." That is just the test that was put to me the other day. Will I pledge myself in a general way to work in the future for this general statement of my own choosing? And whatever of spirituality and ethical earnestness there is in me rises in protest against even such sweet tyranny. I reject the silken band, not simply or chiefly in the interests of my own intellectual freedom, which, in view of the certain oyster-like tendency of preachers to

secrete their own prison-house as the years go by, I guard jealously; but because I want to hold myself free and untrammelled to stand on equal footing with him who does not know, or knowing, does not believe in the "Statements" to which this resolution is appended. There is lurking in this amendment an insinuation that our fellowship and our word may be broader than our work. I resent the insinuation. I regret the addition to this preamble and statement of 1887, of 1892, which pledges the Conference to "promote a religion in harmony with this preamble and statement." The emphasis is our own, and we are not unmindful of the charge of injustice it will arouse in other minds, claiming to be as "radical as any other, as devoted to the support of the ethical basis."

Tract No. 17, and all that it contains, is but one note in the oratorio of the religion I would promulgate. It is but one breath in the life of the Western Conference which I would work for. Throw it away, burn it, forget it, and still the Western Conference, if it stands for an ethical religion, remains with its work all before it, its convictions lying where its triumphs are—in the future. Before that vote the Western Conference was an inspiration to thousands outside of our fold, it was an invitation to the scientist in his laboratory, to the lover of nature in the forest, the lover of man in the slums of the city, to come and pool their earnings, share their doubts and their faiths with us without any stultifying reflections or expectations of intellectual uniformity. Now that flag, if not lowered, is furled. Its note, if not forbidden, is silenced. The atmosphere is changed. Yes, atmosphere! What is so potent, imponderable and persistent as atmosphere? Scientifically and spiritually it is the great source and sustainer of life. A cannon ball you may dodge, as I have reason to know, a rock you may throw out of your way, a mountain you may tunnel through, but the atmosphere holds you helpless in its embrace. You die from its mephitic stench or you live and thrill with its bracing tonics. Why do people seek the mountain heights of Colorado, the balmy glades of Florida, the blossoming fields of California? It is for the sake of the atmosphere. Why do men flee from the pestilential path of the yellow fever, from the bacteria-laden neighborhood of small-pox and diphtheria? It is because of the atmosphere. Why do the scientists shun, as a rule, our dogma-ribbed churches? It is because the spiritual as well as the physical atmosphere is antique. As Dudley Warner suggests, both of them are mediæval. So I say the atmosphere of the Western Conference a month ago was a mountain air of courage. It caused the blood to throb with heroism. The Conference was forward looking, onward moving, open handed, seeking not a few of the "lost sheep" of the Unitarian "Israel," but seeking rather the unchurched thinkers, the unbaptized sinners who need not a Savior to die for them but a saving power alive in them. The Western Conference today, to me, carries an atmosphere of distrust in those very forces that alone make its life desirable.

If the Western Conference has lost nothing but its "atmosphere," it has lost most of that which made it dear to me and a joy to work and suffer for it. As another has put it, "The old Western Conference, with which and for which it has been a joy to suffer, is no more. It has half-way joined the majority, instead of standing in the clear until the majority had joined it. The Conference is so small a body that it is simply by holding up its ideals in religion, of which most men are afraid, and being loyal to them, that it can help men much. That

affirmation of ours by its distinctness made us a real missionary force, and this distinctness we now largely lose."

How much we have lost of this distinctness I can not say, but I do know that only in that distinctness is there inspiration to me, and when we are asked to blur in the slightest degree a message so needed by the world, we are asked to vacate the most prophetic ground yet reached so far as I know by a religious organization of even forty churches. Travel westward in search of a religious organization that makes religion co-extensive with ethics, identical with the illumination of the moral law, and you may travel until you return to this spot from the eastward and you will find no such flag flying save that of the Western Unitarian Conference, and that flag is now, to say the least, furled and in a mist. O, brave Western Conference!

"Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude;
In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs to consecrate truth and liberty.
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus, having been, that thou shouldst cease to be."

Dear friends, I am not unmindful of the apparant ungraciousness of this sermon. I keenly feel the pain it gives to many of you, my beloved helpers, to seem thus careless of considerations which have led you, with equal conscientiousness, to other conclusions. The pain which the delivery and publication of this word will give to many of my fellow-laborers can not be greater than I myself have suffered. If I make a mistake, it is not because I have not been forewarned by my friends, or because my own heart has not felt the pull. If, still further, I am to lose the confidence of my companions in the ministry, it is not because I do not prize that confidence, or because I am ignorant of the fact that I put it often in jeopardy. There was a grim humor in the sincere greetings of the brother minister in Boston the other day who seized my hand heartily with, "We are very glad to see you here and much obliged to you for not speaking, because, you know, you are such a fire-brand!" I would have been glad, and sought long of my conscience, permission to preach to you this morning on the "Dual Authorship of Genesis," Paul's "Doctrine of Justification," or some equally harmless subject, but I could not come with a hollow utterance. To you I have always worn my heart upon my sleeve, particularly at Conference times. Let my speech and not my silence prove to you that I can allow my friends the liberty of differing honestly from me and still be friends. I have been urged to keep silence for a year: "Give the new turn of affairs a new trial. Pull right along just the same and trust for the best." I've never learned how to put an interval between my thought and my word. This is my way of pulling and my way of trusting.

Three or four criticisms upon this question I must note hastily before closing:

1. "We are tired of contention. We want peace!" Peace does not come in a compromise of principle. How jealously do you real-estate men regard a cloud, however shadowy, on the title of the land you buy. Peace and rest come only from the unclouded character of your spiritual titles as well. Do you expect peace before even the picket line is driven in? Millions of Christians in the thrall of dogmas, forty Unitarian churches for five years have thought they were free from it, and now even they are tired and want to drop back into the trenches. God's columns

move slowly. Blessed are they that move at all.

2. "But," says another, "by halting, the others will move up. We've got too far ahead, let's wait." I do not so read the methods of progress. There must always be the picket line, the advance guard. Growth is not in stoppage, at least the stoppage should not be in obedience to the call of comfort and ease, not in response to the demand of those who are enemies of the position.

3. "But," says the third objector, "you have preached a broader fellowship. Where can it begin better than in the Unitarian family? When they are reconciled, then seek a wider one outside."

I am a man before I am a Unitarian. Religion, as I see it, is for humanity, and not for a sect. Truth calls for clearness. Denominational fatness is often secured by the sacrifice of clearness. Which will we seek, fatness or clearness, compromise or honesty, heroism or subscriptions? Fellowship is never a thing of votes. There is less of it, in my opinion, and not more among the Unitarians of the world since the vote of the other day. The friends of the resolution did not say all they meant or get all they desired. We did not grant all we seemed to, and are constrained not to say all we mean for the vote's sake. The honesties of men never divide. The compromises of conscience never unite. There was no disgrace or reproach to him who stayed away from the Western Conference because his conscience pronounced its basis unsafe and untrue. Disgrace only went with him who staid away believing in the basis, but shrinking from the price that must be paid for it. If such there were, he and only he is served by this vote.

Lastly, friends, what are we to do about it? To-day, at least, let me speak simply for myself. Once I might have ventured to interpret the spirit of the Western Conference; but to-day I know it not. Some voted for that resolution for the fatness it implied, perchance; some for the love of others and the companionship it would bring; some for what seems to them the larger truth. For none of them dare I speak. Neither do I speak to-day for All Souls church. I know not how many I have wounded this morning. I conferred not with flesh and blood, else I would not have spoken.

Some of you may love and trust the Unitarian name more than I do; some of you may pursue the prosperity of the Unitarian denomination farther than I can. I trust I shall not be wanting in loyalty to the church of my father and mother, to my church and to what I hope will be my children's church. I trust I may not be disloyal to that organization, the Western Unitarian Conference, to whose interests I have given twenty years of my life, out of which interests I have been able to do my share of the toil for UNITY, and my share in the life and existence of this church. Children of the Western Conference are both these high and holy taskmasters of mine. But as for me, I am committed to that doctrine of fellowship which Bronson Alcott pursued when he continued his Temple school in Boston until only one child remained, and that a colored one; that exemplified by Prudence Crandall, who, in Canterbury, Conn., half a century ago, lost the opportunity of helping the promising, bright white girls of Connecticut in her determination to secure the chance of helping one colored girl, aye, lost her home and came near losing her life in the bargain. It is no taunt to me to say, "Ethical Culturists, Mohammedan, agnostic, Jew or atheist do not come, after all. Why then persist in excluding the Christian Unitarian who

would come?" I still stand there, and the experience of this church proves that the taunt is not well founded, for here all these and many other words are forgotten in a church life that springs out of the desire to help the world along. Still I stand there, working for the time when no *odium theologicum* will cast its withering shadow over a mother's life and cause the bitter tears to flow, as it did for my mother. I stand out there in the cold, if cold it is, where no father will be expelled from the circle where his character, earnestness and devout spirit are needed, because of thoughts honorably held and courteously stated, as was my father. I am truer to the spirit of fellowship by doing without the co-operation of those whom the inclusiveness excludes than I should be by working with a thousand who consent to work only by my abandoning that inclusiveness which might welcome the one. And this I say, not as a member of the Western Unitarian Conference, not as pastor of All Souls Church, not as a Unitarian minister, but as Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the son of Richard and Mary Lloyd Jones, who taught me to feel, before I was old enough to understand, that there was a religion that delighted in a renewing knowledge that would not know "Greek or Jew, circumcision or uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman or freeman," and that this religion was cast in the spirit of him who went about doing good, who gave the oracular beatitudes and laid the beams of his church on the Golden Rule and the good Samaritan. I know not whether this church will be known as "Christian" or "Unitarian." It may be the spirit of Jesus must escape beyond the tyranny of his name, and the high utterances of Channing and Parker must be released from the halting weight of those who confess them as prophets. It may be that the Unitarians of America will prove unworthy their high traditions and inadequate to their great opportunity, and instead of becoming the great inclusive church of America, finding its sanctions in the moral law, and its fellowship in the thirst for truth, righteousness and love, by halting they will become one more of the *sects* of Christendom whose spiritual impotency will increase with the growth of its statistics. If it thus fails, then under another name, but with the old and deathless inspiration of Unitarianism, the American Church, the character-building church, the spiritual church based on an ethical foundation will come. Science, literature, and philanthropy are its missionaries, their growth makes this church a necessity. It is in the hope that not only the Western Unitarian Conference but the American Unitarian Association and the National Unitarian Conference may all, by virtue of an internal pressure, an inward necessity of their being, come to recognize and to glory in the adequacy and potency of the ethical basis, that I still cherish the name and retain my relation with this, to me, ancestral organization. I shall continue to work in all legitimate ways for this end, though never forgetting that the thing is more precious than the name, and so speaking for myself and of myself alone, I re-dedicate myself to that church prophesied by Emerson, the church we have worked for, prayed for, suffered for, aye, the church that we now glory in, and by which we are made strong, serene, peaceful, that "new church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms, or psalter, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; sci-

ence for symbol and illustration. It will fast enough gather beauty, music, pictures, poetry. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The Laws are his consolers, the good Laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty, and an endless horizon. Honor and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes."

Notes from the Field.

Frewsburch, N. Y.—A brief report of our Sunday circle in this town of less than six hundred people and where there are five orthodox churches may not be entirely uninteresting. The Circle was called into being last October during the visit of Mrs. C. J. Richardson, of Princeton, Ill., who planned and led the first service. She has ever since generously and thoughtfully supplied the circle with numberless sermons and reading matter. This move has satisfied a long-felt want to those souls who were hungering for the truth so beautifully and clearly presented in our cherished liberal faith. The Circle is composed of different shades of belief, comprising Universalists, Unitarians, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists and Theosophists, who can all come together to listen to the reading of any of the Unitarian sermons with profit and thankfulness. These seem to fill the needs and are more in demand than any other. The little pamphlets of "Faith that makes Faithful," "Blessed be Drudgery," and others have been an inspiration to go forward, while those of M. J. Savage, of Boston, are in general the most practical and helpful in our needs. A beautiful Easter service was held at the house of a friend who first opened their home to us, and a sermon preached two years ago in Toledo, Ohio, by Rev. A. Jennings was read. The circle represents nearly twenty families, meets every Sunday morning in the parlors of some member, and the good feeling constantly generated by the coming together each week, is such a help to strengthen and fortify against the weaknesses that humanity is prone to, making us see the necessity of right thinking, doing and living at the present time.

Boston.—The June local conferences, held in the suburbs are the favorite gatherings of the year, and this year they have been unusually well attended. In them special attention has been given to county missionary work.

—A concerted effort is on foot to free the Unitarian Temperance Society from the embarrassment of its "pledge for moderate drinking," thus rendering it a "total abstinence society."

—The Ministers' Monday Club will discuss the question, "Should Unitarian Sunday-school Manuals teach the miracles?" Rev. E. H. Hall leads the negative side with Rev. M. J. Savage and other ministers in full sustaining sympathy.

—The clergymen of Boston, staying in their homes for part or all of the summer months offer their services to families in need, or of whatever denomination they may be, or if possibly not connected with any church.

—The address of Rev. Brooke Herford is 21 Greenhill Road, Hampstead, London, N. W. England.

—Eighty-six thousand five hundred and fifty dollars are raised towards the projected endowment of \$150,000 to aid the Meadville School.

The Minnesota Unitarian Conference met at Nazareth Unitarian Church, Minn., June 16 and 17. Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, preached the sermon. Reports from the churches indicated a more than usual degree of prosperity. Rev. C. J. Staples read a paper on the "Development of Christian Morals." On Thursday evening there was a platform meeting with addresses by Messrs. Davis, Forbush, Simmons and Crothers.

Request.—The Woman's Western Unitarian Conference has many opportunities to lend a helping hand in the way of supplying suitable books to the various missionary societies and Sunday Circles that are attempting the study of the Bible from a rational basis. If any of our friends have such books as "The Bible for Learners," "What is the Bible?" Kuenen's "Religion of Israel," abridged or unabridged, and wish to help these struggling societies by the gift of such books the secretary of the Conference will be glad to receive and loan them in the best way possible for the help of those who need them.

Duluth.—Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Cambridge, has accepted the call of the Duluth Church.

Tower Hill, Wis.—The Dining Hall on Tower Hill will be opened July 1. A freight car to receive the baggage, furniture, etc., of those who desire to ship their goods in that way will be attached to the switch car of Grand boulevard and 40th street, Chicago, June 27 and 28. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. R. H. Doud, 4010 Drexel boulevard, or Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 5038 Washington avenue. After July 1, address either of the above at Hillside, Wis.

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Religion from the Near End, . . . J. L. Jones.
No better book to show the trend of Faith among men who trust the Science of the nineteenth century. It might have been called "The God of Evolution." 170 pages, handsome paper edition, 50 cents; 10 copies \$3.50. Order for the holidays. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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The Home.

Sun.—Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her wheel turns round.

Mon.—There is no good in arguing with the inevitable.

Tues.—Not suffering but faint heart is worst of woes.

Wed.—For evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy.

Thurs.—Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.

Fri.—Eyes are not so common as people think, or poets would be plentier.

Sat.—For Wisdom is meek Sorrow's patient child.

—James Russell Lowell.

May.

[The following is published by request, for the correction of errors that appeared in its first publication.]

Rises like morn from the mist,
Bringing joy o'er the land;
A dewy maiden, sun kissed,
Trailing arbutus in hand.

Hepaticas bloom at her feet,
Convolvuli twine in her hair;
Violets, purple and sweet,
Peep from her kirtle fair.

Anemone, that pale star,
Tinged with faint flush of dawn;
Shy, shrinking, opening afar,
Nestled near wood and lawn.

Maples are bursting with blood,
Oaks, gnarled and crumpled, unfurl,
Gentians come forth in a flood,
Fern fronds slowly unwhorl.

Fragrant with blossoms bedight,
Girdled with green and gold;
Lucent with crystalline light,
May can never grow old.

M. R. HAYMES.

One Kind of Typewriter.

Out on Broadway just now I saw a little girl I have respect for. She is a typewriter, but she is not much like the kind the newspapers are always telling stories about, though, like them, she is pretty—as pretty as a picture and as good as if she were old and ugly. She is twenty-two and let me tell you what she has done.

Six years ago she was the most ragged, friendless, ignorant little orphan you would care to hear of, and she had four younger sisters, each more ragged and friendless and ignorant and orphaned than the other. She went into a typewriting copying office to learn the business in return for her services as office girl. She was such a bad speller that everybody said she would never make a typewriter. She set in to learn to spell. She was so shabby that the head of the office said he was ashamed to send her on errands, but she did her work so well that he concluded it would pay to spend a couple of dollars in fixing her up.

She made herself a skillful operator, although to begin with she was uncommonly clumsy.

In fact she had something else on her mind than finding a husband to support her. She was thinking about those four little sisters. They were living around with relatives, most of whom were very poor, and when they were not poor they were exceptionally cross and cruel. This little woman, Annie, had an ambition to be a mother to these little sisters.

A mother! What she is now is mother and father, too!

The first money she could scrape together from her typewriting she spent learning stenography. She could not afford all the lessons she needed, but she made it up in hard work by herself. She was not gifted with the qualities for making the best stenographer, the best ones are born, not made; but she did all she could, and came out better than the

average that do office work, and after that she had comparatively easy sailing.

People had noticed her; she got a good position; not much money, but enough to start her in executing a long-cherished plan.

She got together those four sisters. She took a little flat up town. She gathered them all in and told them they must live without furniture until they could buy it—not on the installment plan. In the meanwhile they would all have plenty of good food, such as they had not before, because furniture is a luxury, but good food is an investment for working girls.

Two of the girls were learning typewriting in the same way she did. The two younger ones were in school. They cramped along as best they could and were happy. That was a year and a half ago. Now three of them are earning good pay, as salaries go—there is a prejudice in that big office building where Annie is, in favor of the family—one of the younger ones is learning the business in the old way. Their home is a pretty little place in its modest way as there is in Harlem, and their relatives are more helpful and kind than ever before—because nothing succeeds like success. And I call that young woman's success a success worth talking about.—*New York Herald.*

Just Outside a Window.

The other day, in a Chicago school room, the teacher saw two boys, who sat near a window, looking very intently at something outside, instead of studying. She said, "Boys, what do you see outside that is more interesting than your lessons?"

"Oh," cried the boys, "a spider is spinning his web in the willow tree." "Very well," said their teacher, "you may watch him for five minutes, and see how much he will do in that time, and whether he spins back and forth or round and round. I will tell you when the time is up."

The boys turned to their working spider and the teacher to her working pupils, and all was still for a minute, when suddenly a loud, "Oh!" of dismay burst from the boys.

"What is the matter boys?"

"Oh, a bird eat him up!"

Was not that too bad for the boys and the spider?

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

TINY had a hard time learning her letters, and thought it very tiresome to be obliged to learn the names of all those "horrid, black little things." Mamma labored with her very patiently.

"Now, Tiny," she said, "see how this letter looks. This is B—capital B."

"Humph!" said Tiny, "it's a homely old thing. It is nothing but a stick with two biscuits stuck on it."

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THIRD, a tin of BIRD'S CONCENTRATED EGG POWDER, a complete substitute for eggs in puddings, cakes, buns, griddle cakes, and all similar kinds of English and American



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A LECTURE BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Edited by John H. Clifford and Horace L. Traubel.

The Open Court: The editors have brought together in this tastefully bound volume the substance of a lecture which Mr. Johnson had written on Theodore Parker, and which he had subjected to many revisions. Few may be regarded as so well qualified as Mr. Johnson to portray the tendencies of the great religious movement of which Theodore Parker was the leader; and additional value attaches to the work from the fact that it is not wholly eulogy, but also an estimate. "Parker," Mr. Johnson says, "is the prophet, the forerunner of that great future religion which shall be intellectually and spiritually broad, deep and earnest enough to lift all our present secular interests, our materialistic passions and desires to an ideal purpose."

Publishers' Weekly: This lecture was delivered by the author of "Oriental Religions" in 1860, shortly after the death of Theodore Parker. Since his own death in 1882, this lecture has been found among his papers, and it is thought a timely contribution to the literature now being issued by religious liberals of various schools. The lecture does not give detailed biographical data, but is a profound spiritual estimate of the character and services of Theodore Parker, who in his day stood alone "as the popularizer of thought, as the reducer of all wisdom to that simplicity and clearness which is the seizing of it with the whole soul and the giving of it with the whole heart, for practical and universal good."

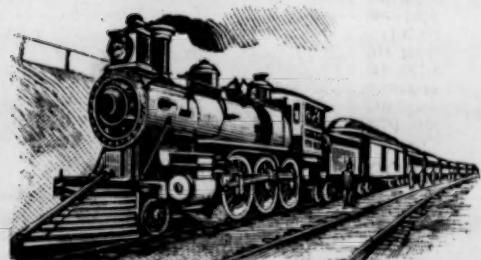
Universalist Record: Certainly one of the richest biographies, one of the most delightful and inspiring little books of the year, is Samuel Johnson's *Theodore Parker*. Parker is living to-day, in the life of America, as never before. Since his death, he has taken full possession of Unitarianism, he has found his glorious way into every nook and corner of Universalism, he has risen until he overlooks and speaks the commanding religious word to all the liberal and liberalizing hosts of the land. Johnson's book is timely. It comes with freshness, vigor, sweetness, clearness and power, and it must reawaken the thoughtful and the loving to the life of one of the world's most candidly and bravely thoughtful, one of the world's most deeply and tenderly loving. Every minister ought to take it with him and read it during vacation. It will inspire two or three of the best sermons—perhaps a dozen of the best—for the coming year. Every man and woman of thoughtful religion ought to read it, for it will give a nobler standard of judgment and a finer appreciation of the minister's work.

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Publisher's Notes.



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A LECTURE BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Edited by John H. Clifford and Horace L. Traubel.

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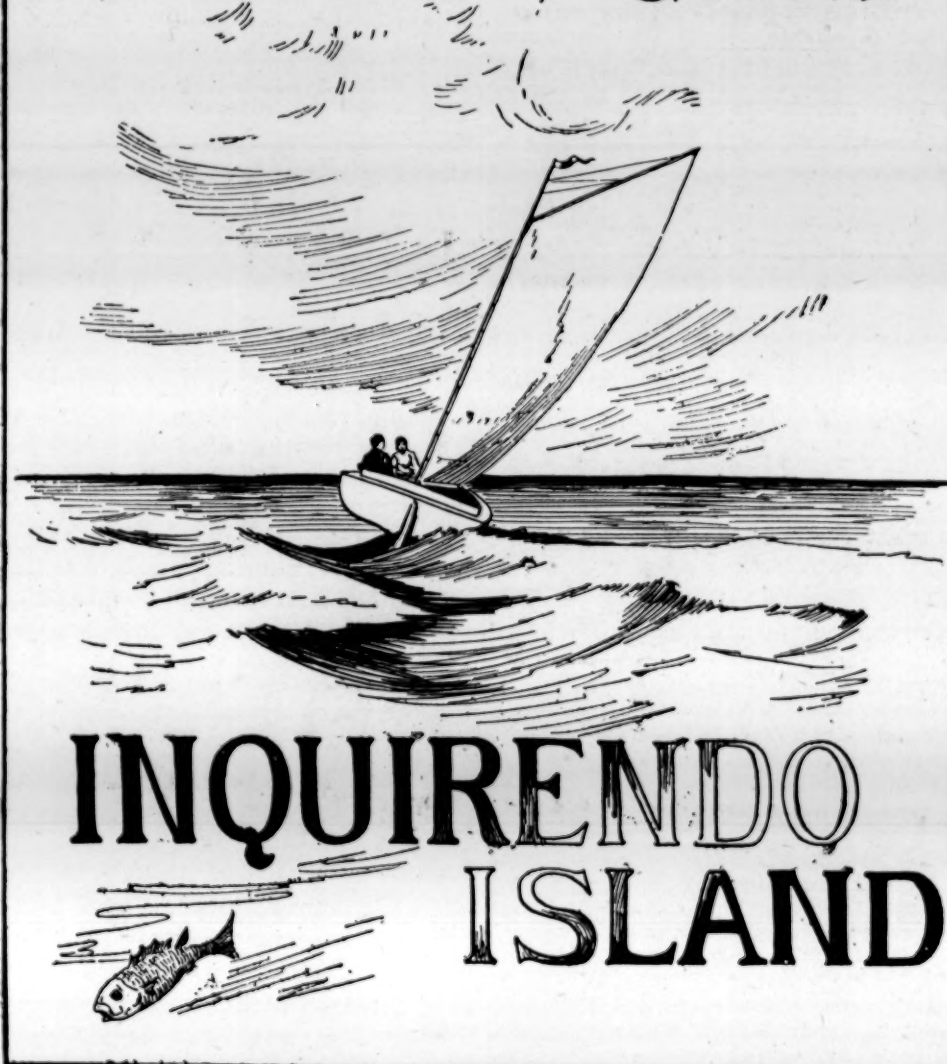
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